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say this. But I do say, emphatically, Clergy, before going into this reaction, for which some priests and monks ought now to be in prison, — before going back and preaching in favor of the Bourbons, — without meddling with politics, speak of concord, speak of fraternity, of love, speak of the Gospel! For the Gospel is with us and for us! The Gospel is for Italy and not against it! Speak to us then of the Gospel! And when you have nothing better to talk about, talk about *love of country*. Yes, clergy, preach the love of country, for that is a love which Christ has sanctified, Christ has glorified, Christ has honored, Christ has enjoined, Christ has blessed. Preach, clergy, the love of country, if you would raise yourself in the eyes of the country."

These discourses of Gavazzi were delivered in the open air, in the great square of Naples, near the Royal Palace, to immense crowds of the lower classes of the city, soon after the departure of the king and his family. They abound in such illustrations as the scenes around him and the then recent events were likely to suggest. The invention of the orator is taxed to furnish epithets of contempt for the fugitive tyrant. There are bold words, too, about the Roman government, and more than once, Gavazzi dares to tell that superstitious Catholic crowd that the time has come when the Pope must drop his secular sovereignty, and be content with a spiritual lordship. Still bolder is the sarcastic speech which he ventures to employ about the liquefying blood of St. Gennaro; and he not obscurely hints that the whole thing is a priestly trick, and that a well-sustained threat can at any time renew the miracle. The reporter of the discourses has given them additional picturesqueness of effect by inserting in parentheses the applauses of the crowd, and the gestures of the orator. No French translation, however, can do justice to the sonorous and rolling periods of Gavazzi's Italian, as pure as the best dialect of Rome.

6. — *Histoire de la Vie et des Écrits de Lord Byron. Esquisse de la Poésie Anglaise au Commencement du XIX^e Siècle.* Par ARMAND MONDOT, Professeur de Littérature Etrangère à la Faculté des Lettres de Montpellier. Paris: Durand. 1860. 12mo. pp. 350.

MONDOT'S Essay on Lord Byron and his Writings, which seems to have been an *ouvrage couronné* of the Academy of Sciences and Letters in Montpellier, is an admirable specimen of calm, sagacious, and dignified criticism. The writer says just enough, and says it in the right way. He is a warm admirer of the great English poet, but no apologist for his vices or his eccentricities, and by no means a convert to his poetical theories. He has not aimed to give a full account of the man in all his strength and weakness, but to give an account of

the poet, and has exposed the life of the man only so far as it bears upon his poetical achievement. The personal sketch is simply the connecting thread for the separate stories of the several works, which are judged by their own merits, without regard to the character or the reputation of their author. We have but the merest glance at Byron's domestic troubles, and only the bare mention of his illicit connections. Mondot's work is a piece of literary biography, completely French in its exactness, in the notes not less than in the text.

One thing ludicrous there is in this otherwise very respectable production. Of most of Byron's poems Mondot undertakes to give an idea by the version of passages. In no respect are these versions renderings of the original. They are as far from repeating the lyric swing, rhythm, and fire of Byron as they are from literal accuracy. Mondot, indeed, apologizes for his inability to do justice to compositions so crowded with imagery and so instinct with passion. But he errs in thinking that his versified translations come near to giving even a taste of Byron. They are even wider of the mark than Châteaubriand's translations of Milton. It would have been better to leave them with a literal prose rendering. The English reader who attempts to enjoy the flavor of *Childe Harold*, or *Lara*, or *Manfred*, in these French stanzas, will soon become indignant on finding how utterly the music, the grandeur, and the breadth of thought and imagery disappear, as Byron's swelling lines are replaced by these finical and mincing phrases.

7. — *Les Sœurs de Lait, Scènes et Souvenirs du Bas Languedoc.* Par MME. LOUIS FIGUIER. Paris: Hachette. 1861. 12mo. pp. 178.

THE scientific reputation of M. Louis Figuiet is likely to be fairly equalled by the literary success of the lady who bears his name. In her last story she has wrought out with great ingenuity, and with exquisite purity, both of style and thought, the very simple but very annoying theme of a man in love with two persons at once, both of whom are in love with him, and both of whom are so charming that it is as impossible for the reader as for the lover to tell which he ought most to love. The two damsels are *sœurs de lait*, foster-sisters, — different in rank and fortune, but equal in graces and equal in virtues, — both of them natural, chaste, kind, and self-sacrificing. There is of course only one way of solving such a problem, and that is, by the death of the lover. But no hint is given of this solution until the very last pages of the book; nor is the reader permitted to suspect such a conclusion. The principal characters in the story are set off by excel-